

whelming, and the sense of Doris so strong that the dream blended with reality and he was once again a boy in the garden and she was plucking the flower for him.

"After all, the game's the thing," he said, rising. "I'll stay. I'm no quitter. I'll stay. I'll let Hagan pay the penalty of his folly."

There was something he had forgotten to ask and he called up Morris. Even while he listened to Morris' voice he was hoping that the question would come into his mind.

"Hello, Morris! This is Horton," he said. "I wanted to ask—I mean to say that I'm not coming in with you after all. And I'll fight you from start to finish, even if you bust me."

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THE TINY TURBAN



By Betty Brown

Everybody looks well under a floppy wide brim, but the hat with distinction is the small hat, that few of us can wear.

In this sketch I am showing you one of those tantalizing little turbans of black silk velvet with top of mole color chenille. The deep band is em-

broidered in silver. The cap is of black velvet and moleskins worn with a street dress of gray velour.

WILL MEDICINE OR PRAYER CURE THIS GIRL?



LIZZIE TAYLOR

If 12-year-old Lizzie Taylor of Columbus, O., is cured of diphtheria the question as to what cured her—medicine or prayer—will rise.

Her parents, members of Holy Roller mission, refused medical treatment until forced by the board of health to accept it.

Physicians are now giving the girl medicine, while her parents are praying for her health.